

Weird, Spooky, Supernatural Stories



The

BEYOND

MARCH 1964

I SHALL ADD YEARS TO YOUR SICK
WIFE'S LIFE FLAME, JOHN ARMO. BUT
IN RETURN YOU MUST FIND ME
OTHER VICTIMS! YOU HAVE MADE
A BARGAIN WITH DEATH!



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The AMULET OF TERROR

PARDON ME, OLD MAN, BUT WHERE CAN WE FIND THE BISHOP, GRANDFATHER OF THE WELLS-BROO FAMILIES WE ARE STUDENTS AND OUR RESEARCH TELLS US THAT THE NOBLE BONES OF COUNT LEO ARE TO BE FOUND THERE.

IF ALL THAT IS HOLY, STAY AWAY FROM THAT ACCURSED SPOT! IT IS SAID, HEAVING MIDDLE WITH THE BONES OF COUNT LEO WILL OPEN THE GATES OF HADES!



IN HUNGARY, IN THE ANCIENT TOWN OF DUBOVKA, LAY BURIED THE ONCE-POWERFUL, THIRTEENTH-CENTURY COUNT, LEO WELLS-BROO. HE OF THE IRON HAND, WHO ONCE LEO AN ARMY OF KNIGHTS TO THE VERY GATES OF MOSCOW, HAD BEEN DEAD FOR 700 YEARS. BUT HIS MOURNFUL GRAVE HAD A TERRIFYING SECRET, AN AMULET OF FABULOUS WEALTH CHAINED AN UNDEADLY EVIL IN ITS NARROW CRYPT. ONE DAY TWO ENGLISHMEN WERE FIRST ON TRAILING THIS LONG-BURIED TREASURE FROM ITS BESTING PLACE WITHOUT THE HAVEST GUILTY OF THE HORROR THEY WOULD UNLEASH...

Nobody would volunteer the information, THE NAME OF COUNT LEO WELLS-BROO SEEMED TO BRING TERROR IN THEIR HEARTS.

I SAY, LORD, HAVE THESE FRAGMENTS ARE RIGHT, THERE IS AN EVIL TRADITION CONNECTED WITH THE WELLS-BROO FAMILIES.

HAH! JUST IGNORANT SUPERSTITION! ACCORDING TO THIS MAP WE SHOULD BE RIGHT NEAR THE OLD PLACE NOW!



HALF AN HOUR LATER...

AT LAST! IT'S THE COUNT'S OWN GRAVE, JUST AS DESCRIBED! GET OUT YOUR SHOVEL, CYRIL, AND LET'S START OUR DIGGING!





IT'S GETTING DARK FAST! COULDN'T THIS WAIT UNTIL TOMORROW?

DON'T STOP NOW, CHIEF! WE'VE COME 2,000 MILES TO FIND THIS. I COULDN'T WAIT ANOTHER DAY!



NOW! FROM THE SIDE OF THIS COFFIN, CHIEF, WE MUST HAVE BEEN A GIANT. A FEW MORE TAPS AND IT'LL COME LOOSE!

EVEN THE TUNING SPELLS LIKE A CHANNEL HOUSE!



THE ANGEL! IT'S MAGNIFICENT! OUR DREAMS HAVE COME TRUE!

THAT UGLY, GRIPPING THING HAD A STAKE THRUST IN ITS BUST! I DON'T LIKE IT! TAKE THE ANGEL AND LET'S GET AWAY FROM HERE!



THE SKELETON! IT'S DISAPPEARING! AND THE STAKE IS COMING!

THOSE INDIAN SCREAMS! I'LL GO MAD IF I HAVE TO STAY HERE ANOTHER MOMENT! LET'S RUN!



AS THE TWO ENGLISHMEN TOOK TO THEIR KNEES, THE PARTY TREMBLED, AND FROM THE EASTERN ABOUT A DIZZY FIGURE, GLORIOUS THE CHIEF OF DEATH!

WHO DARE HAVE COUNT TWO WEDDING-BAGS!



AND AN UNLATERALLY KNOTT'ED STORM, THE ENGLISHMEN WERE SHAKEN AT THE VILLAGE ONE!

AWAY FROM HERE, YOU CURSED NEEDLESS! CURSING IS BURNED! THE FRIGHT OF WARS ARE LOOSE! AWAY BEFORE I TURN AS DOGS ON YOU!



WOW, WOW, THAT HORRIBLE APPARITION! DO YOU SEE IT, BASH! IT'S THE CHIEF OF DEATH!

IT'S JUST YOUR NOSES AND THE DIRT WEATHER! WE'VE HAYMAID! FASTER! THE RAILROAD IS ONLY TWO MILES FROM HERE!

A FEW DAYS LATER, AT A FRENCH CHANNEL POST...

THIS INNOCENT LOOKING BOOK WILL GET US IN THE CUSTOMS WE CAN'T AFFORD TO DECLARE THE AMULET, TOO MANY QUESTIONS AND THEN THERE'D BE A FINE!

YES, CLYDE! I HOPE HE CAN SELL IT QUICKLY IN LONDON!



HOURS LATER...

AN, LONDON AT LAST! I THOUGHT IT'D NEVER GET IT AGAIN!

YOU TALK LIKE A CHILD, CYDE! I'M CURIOUS ABOUT HOW MUCH THE AMULET IS WORTH. I KNOW A JEWELLER IN BOND STREET WHO CAN KEEP HIS MOUTH SHUT!



SPEAK UP, DEVERE! WHAT DO YOU SAY THE THING IS WORTH?

GOD, THIS IS FANTASTIC! I'VE NEVER SEEN THE EQUAL OF THIS EXCEPT AMONG THE CROWN JEWELS! ITS WORTH IN THE NEIGHBOHOOD OF 500,000 POUNDS!



FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND POUNDS! YOU'LL BE MILLIONAIRES!

HE MUST HAVE AN NECESSARY... WITH A NICE FAT, WHITE NECK, AND MONEY TO BURN!



IN THE MEANTIME, A HEAVY, STUNNINGLY STRANGE MAN ON HIS WAY TO LONDON...

NASTY LOOKING CREW, THAT! I DON'T CARE TO BUMP INTO HIM IN A POOL!

SEE, THAT'S A WEIRD OUTFIT! HE'S GOT ON A HAT LIKE AN OLD CHATELAIN LIKE HE'S BEEN DUG UP!



LONDON HAS NO OBSTACLE TO THE SEVEN-HUNDRED YEAR OLD VISION. COUNT LEO HOPED WITH TREASONING DIGNITY!

STEP RIGHT IN, SIR! I'LL WALK YOU AT YOUR DESTINATION IN A JIFFY!

TO DEVERE JEWELLERY SHOP IN BOND STREET!



'SEE WE ARE, SIR! THAT'LL BE TWO SHILLINGS SIXPENCE!

SHALLN'T I FENCY TAKE THIS GOLD COIN? BE OFF WITH YOU! YOUR SPENCER ARE NO LONGER NEEDED!



AS THE STEAMERS ENTERED THE SHIP, AN AWKWARD TRANSFORMATION OCCURRED!

WHO ARE YOU? WHAT DO YOU WANT?

COUNT LEO WERHO-BODE HAS COME FOR THE AMULET! GIVE IT TO ME IMMEDIATELY!



AMULET? I HAVE NO AMULET! I CAN SHOW YOU SOME FINE GOODDOES OR NOBODY! STUPID!

TAKE THAT TIDY RUBBER! GIVE ME MY AMULET YOU BASTARD!



Y-YOU'RE NOT HUMAN... THOSE COLD HANDS... HEEERL! AAAA!

THE ANCIENT CURSE TAKES HOLD! ONLY YOUR BLOOD WILL WARM ME! DIE... YOU WRETCHED RICH... DIE!



WHEN THE CAR DRIVE COUNT LEO'S FLAMING CAR RIGHT BEYOND A STRANGE COIN AMONG THEM...

BLAST IT, LOOK AT THIS JEMMY... A FOREIGN COIN! MUST'VE BEEN THAT OLD BAG OF BONES I CASTED. WHAT DYE MAKE OF IT, JEMMY? YOU SAVE THOSE THINGS!

LET ME SEE IT, DAD!



GOD, BUREY? WHO'S BUREY? I THINK WERE BUREY IT WOULD BE LIKE A 17TH CENTURY HUNGARIAN COIN, WORTH SOME FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS!

AN' I WAS GOING TO CHUCK IT OUT! BUT BELIEVE ME, SON, IF ONLY YOU SAW THE FACE OF THE GENT WHO GAVE IT TO ME, I'D WOULD'VE SCARED YOU OUT OF TEN YEARS' GROWTH!



THE NEXT DAY, A PROMISING PURCHASER FOR THE AMULET WAS FOUND -

YOUR PRICE IS UTTERLY FANTASTIC! WHAT DO YOU THINK, MURDER?

NO JEWEL, HE WORTH THAT MUCH, BUT IF YOU WANT IT, EMMA, BY ALL MEANS, BUY IT!

HAVE YOUR OWN JEWELER APPRAISE IT IF YOU WANT YOUR FINE FOUR HUNDRED THOUSAND POUNDS IS REASONABLE!



MEANTIME SCOTLAND WARD WAS RESEARCHING THE HEARD OVER THE STRANGE DEATH OF MR. DEYING...

THE MAN WHO STRANDED IN 10 YEARS HAD FINGERES OF STEEL! BUT WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF HIS BODY BEING HALF DRAINED OF BLOOD, AND THE BITE MARKS AT THE THROAT?

THE SAID [THE] NEVER SEEN ANYTHING AS HORRIBLE! WAS IT A HUNANT AN ANIMAL? I WON'T DARE TO GUESS!



NO DOCTOR AND THE TWO ADVISORS LEFT THE HOME OF THE RESPECTIVE LADIES...

WH-WHO ARE YOU? I-I CAN'T LET YOU MY GO AWAY! LADY SHE WILL SEE ME! OUT OF MY SIGHT! MY SEE NO ONE TOMORROW!



IN MY DAY, YOUR KIND WERE DRAWN AND QUARTERED FOR SUCH CONDUCT! LET ME PASS, SLAVE!

POORW! HELP!



OH NO, PLEASE STAY AWAY FROM ME! I HAVEN'T GOT YOUR AMULET! HELP! SAVE ME!

YOUR LOVELY THROAT... THE AMULET ONCE ENCRICLED IT! NOW MY FINGERS MUST DO THE SAME!



GOD HEAVENS! SHAMMA, WHAT HAPPENED!

IT'S GONE! THAT UGGLY MONSTER'S GONE! LOOK, THE WINDOW'S ARE OPEN!



FETCH A DOCTOR QUICK! SHE'S LOST A LOT OF BLOOD! HE GOT HERE JUST IN TIME!

LOOK! A GIANT BAT FLYING FROM HERE... AND WE'VE NEVER AD ANY BATS AROUND HERE! SINCE HE THE SHIVERS, IT DOES!



YOU SAY THIS INHUMAN THING BIT AND CHOKED YOU AFTER ASKING FOR THE AMULET?

HIS HANDS WERE ICE AND HIS BREATH WAS AS COLD AS THE GRAVE! THERE WAS MADNESS IN HIS EYES AND WHEN HE CAME CLOSER... OH, HORROR... HORROR! I'LL NEVER FORGET IT!



THE DOCTOR COULD ONLY GUESS AT THE AGGRAVATED TRUTH, A TRUTH THAT DEFIED ALL SCIENCE...

SHE'LL BE ALL RIGHT IF HER MIND DOESN'T CRACK! YOU SAW THOSE MARKS ON HER THROAT! THE MARK OF A VAMPIRE! SCIENCE HAS LAUGH... BUT IT WAS A VAMPIRE!

THAT CURSED AMULET! I MUST SEE THOSE TWO MEN TOMORROW!



AT CRENS APARTMENT IN LONDON THE NEXT DAY...

LOYD, DEVENA WAS FOUND STRANGLING WITH FANG MASKS ON HIS THROAT! DOESN'T THAT CONVINCE YOU? LET'S CHUCK THE AMULET BEFORE WE'RE MURDERED TOO!

HOW DON'T BE PANICKY... SOMEBODY'S AT THE DOOR.



WHY, IT'S LORD SPOUSELY! I GUESS YOU'VE COME TO PURCHASE THE AMULET?

NO! I'VE COME TO TELL YOU THAT THE AMULET IS A MENACE! SOME DEAD, UNDEADLY CREATURE IS AFTER IT! LET ME TELL YOU WHAT HAPPENED AFTER YOU LEFT LAST NIGHT!



THEN IT WAS THE MARK OF A VAMPIRE!

AND THERE'S THE CREATURE'S CALLING CARD!

"COUNT LEO WOULD BE?" THE PEASANTS IN DUBCHINA WERE RIGHT!



WHEN LORD SPOUSELEY HAD LEFT...

I TELL YOU IT'S NO USE! WE CAN'T ESCAPE! COUNT LEO HAS MATHS. WHERE HE GOT ONE BACK THE AMULET!

WE'RE TAKING THAT BOAT TO AMERICA! WE CAN'T POSSIBLY TRAIL UP ACROSS 5,000 MILES OF WATER!



TWO FIRST CLASS...

YES, SIE. THE BOAT SAILS AT MIDNIGHT, TONIGHT.



AT CRENS VANDER APARTMENT...

BUT THE GENTLEMEN HAVE COME! THEY LEFT TWO... AHH!

HOLD YOUR TONGUE! YOU INSOLENT CREATURE! I WILL SEE FOR MYSELF!



AHH! THEY'VE ESCAPED AGAIN! MY PRECIOUS AMULET! I'LL FIND THEM IF I HAVE TO FOLLOW THEM TO THE ENDS OF THE EARTH!



ABOARD THE BARK TWO DAYS
OUT OF BOUTHAMPTON...

THIS CALLS FOR A CELEBRATION!
WE'VE FINALLY GIVEN COUNT
LEO THE BLUFF!

AND WE'LL
BE ABLE TO
SELL THE
AMULET IN
AMERICA!
WHAT'S
THAT?



AT LAST! THE TWO
SCOUNDRELS WHO DIS-
TURBED MY ANCIENT
BONES! GIVE ME
BACK MY
AMULET!

THEY? IT'S
COME FROM
THE GRAVE!
COUNT LEO!

GET OUT, YOU
RINO! HELP!



THESE FINGERS WILL CRUSH
YOU LIKE A BAT! I WAS
KNOWN AS THE COUNT WITH
THE IRON HAND! WHERE
IS MY AMULET?

THE AMULET?
MUST GET IT!
VAMPIRES CAN
BE HELD OFF
WITH A KNIFE!
IT'S THE ONLY
CHANCE!



STOP! RELEASE HIM!
DON'T TELL ME WHY
MUST YOU HAVE
THE AMULET?

ALAS... THE VAMPIRE
CURSE IS UPON ME! ONLY
THE AMULET CAN HOLD ME
FAST IN MY GRAVE! WITHOUT
IT, I MUST SOAR FOREVER,
LIVING ON THE LIFEBLOOD OF
MY VICTIMS!



TAKE THE
ACCURSED
THING AND
LEAVE ME!

ENOUGH AT LAST!
RELEASE FROM
TORMENT! I CAN
RETURN TO MY
GRAVE!



HE DROVE INTO
THE WATER AND
DISAPPEARED!

BUT LOOK AT
THAT! A SHANT
BAT! AND WHAT'S
THAT IT HAS IN ITS
MOUTH? WHY...
IT'S THE AMULET!



IN THE ANCIENT VILLAGE OF
SUBURBAN, PEACE REIGNED
ONCE MORE. FOR THE UN-
WALLED BONES OF COUNT
LEO HAD BEEN FOUND
AGAIN AT LAST!



The End

TRUE TALES of the SUPERNATURAL

SUDDENLY THE POLING DOORS WHICH HAD BEEN LOCKED WERE THROWN OPEN, AND A FLOOD OF BRIGHTLY LIGHT. A YOUNG MAN ENTERED, WEARING THE UNIFORM OF A FRENCH NAVAL OFFICER!



IN THE YEAR 1928, A YOUNG GERMAN LADY OF RANK ARRIVED IN PARIS AND STOPPED AT ONE OF THE MORE FASHIONABLE HOTELS. AFTER RETURNING TO HER ROOM, SHE LAY AWAKE FOR A LONG WHILE, CONTEMPLATING THE COSTLY FURNITURE IN THE ROOM.

LEAVING HIMSELF, THE OFFICER TOOK A PISTOL FROM HIS POCKET, DELIBERATELY BUT IT TO HIS TEMPLE, AND FIRED!



THE YOUNG MAN FELL TO THE FLOOR. THE YOUNG LADY, THRILLED WITH FEAR, REMAINED IN A CATALEPTIC TRANCE, FULLY CONSCIOUS, BUT UNABLE TO MOVE OR SPEAK, BUT SHE COULD HEAR...

AS A MAN ENTERED THE ROOM THE NEXT MORNING, THE YOUNG LADY'S SPEECH RETURNED AND SHE SHRIEKED OUT...



AN HOUR LATER, THE HOTEL MANAGER TOLD A STRANGE TALE...

THREE NIGHTS AGO A YOUNG NAVAL OFFICER DID COMMIT SUICIDE IN THIS VERY ROOM. HIS BODY LIES UNIDENTIFIED IN THE MUSEUM. WITH THE INFORMATION YOU CAN GIVE US, WE CAN RETURN HIS BODY TO HIS FAMILY.

HE IS NAMED JACQUES DE TASSEY HIS FAMILY LIVES IN ST. MARCELLES!



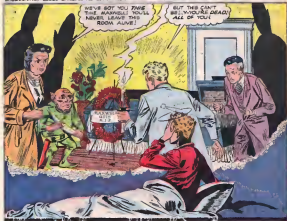
THE YOUNG LADY LEFT HER BEDRUM AND NEVER RETURNED TO PARIS AGAIN, FEARFUL OF ANOTHER ENCOUNTER WITH THE SPIRIT OF THE YOUNG SUICIDE. BUT SHE DID SAY A PRAYER FOR HIS SOUL AS HE HAD REQUESTED...



WHO CAN EXPLAIN WHY THE GHOST OF THE YOUNG MAN APPEARED AGAIN? THE YOUNG LADY'S MIND IT TO IDENTIFY HER CORPSE LYING UNCLAIMED IN THE MUSEUM AND THERE AND A FINAL DIGNITY PLACE IN HER HONORABLE BURIAL PLOT? JUST ANOTHER ONE OF THE MYSTERY IN THE ANNALS OF THE SUPERNATURAL.

Behind the Locked Door

PERHAPS ALL OF US HAVE HAD AT LEAST ONE DREAM REALIZED LATER IN THE MATERIAL WORLD! THIS ISN'T SO STRANGE, AFTER ALL, SINCE OUR DREAMS ARE USUALLY CONCERNED WITH PEOPLE AND PLACES WE ARE FAMILIAR WITH, SO IT IS NOT SO UNLIKELY THAT A DREAM, HOWEVER HORRIBLE, MAY COME TRUE. SO IT WAS WITH MAXWELL, BOB, WHOSE RECURRING NIGHTMARE TURNED INTO A SHOCKING, BLOOD-CHILLING REALITY FROM WHICH THERE WAS NO ESCAPE!



MAXWELL BOB HAD A RECURRING DREAM, IT CAME TO HIM SOON AFTER HE INHERITED AN ENORMOUS FORTUNE FROM ONE OF HIS UNCLE'S. THE DREAM ALWAYS BEGAN THE SAME WAY, HE WOULD DRIVE UP TO A BIG, STONE HOUSE INTO THE COUNTRY...

IT WAS ABOUT FIVE, A SMALL COOLING PARTY WAS IN PROGRESS, LIGHTS BLAZED BRIGHT...



STAYED AROUND THE DOORWAY HEARD MAXWELL'S RELATIVES SCOLD-
ING ABOUT MARTHA AND HER COLUIN ROOMS, WITH A SPOONFUL LATER,
ABOUT MARTHA HAD TO TURN TO MAXWELL IN THE NIGHTMARE, AND...



BUT MAXWELL DREAMED THE DREAM FOR TEN MONTHS. HE GRADUALLY REMEMBERED EVERY DETAIL OF THE DREAM, EVERY DETAIL OF THE WEIRD WIND AND THE THRESHOLD OF THE ROOM CONTAINING THE AWFUL SECRET!

COME, MAXWELL... YOU MUST ENTER!

NO, NO, ROGER! I CAN'T GO INTO THAT ROOM! I'M AFRAID!



ONE NIGHT A HORRIBLE ARGUMENT OCCURRED IN THE FRONT HALL. THERE WAS SOMETHING ABOUT THE FAMILY BATHING PART WAS NOT THERE THIS TIME, AND ARGUMENT ABOUT MAXWELL'S GOING TO SLEEP IN THE ROOM IN THE WEST WING!



DON'T ARGUE WITH ME, MAXWELL. YOU MUST GO TO THE ROOM IN THE WEST WING! TAKE HIM, ROGER!

BUT AGAIN, MAXWELL COULDN'T ENTER THE ROOM, AGAIN HE TURNED AND RAN IN TERROR!



I'M TIRED OF YOUR RUNNING AWAY! I'LL MAKE YOU ENTER THAT ROOM— IF I HAVE TO KILL YOU!



WHY MUST I ENTER THAT ROOM, ROGER?

TAKE A NUMBER, YOU FOOL!



MAXWELL, I'M CALLING! REFUGERAAA!

ROGER! I-I DIDN'T MEAN TO DO IT!



I DON'T MEAN IT! YOU FORCED ME TO DO IT! YOU WANTED TO KILL ME! (GASPS)

THANK HEAVENS! IT WAS ONLY A NIGHTMARE! BUT WHATEVER POSSESSED ROGER TO TRY TO KILL ME, OR ME JUMP THAT AWFUL THING CAN HAPPEN IN A DREAM!

...BUT FOUR HOURS LATER CAME A TELEPHONE CALL...



...BUT NIGHT MARSHALL COULDN'T SLEEP, HE KEPT ASKING THE ALCOHOL...



MARSHALL ATTENDED THE FUNERAL, BUT WAS IT ONLY HIS IMAGINATION THAT AUNT MARTHA STARED AT HIM INTERESTINGLY THROUGHOUT THE CEREMONY?



THAT NIGHT MARSHALL COULDN'T SLEEP EITHER, HE KEPT ASKING HIMSELF, FINALLY IN UTTER FRUSTRATION HE DROPPED OFF—AND THE DREAM RETURNED. ONCE AGAIN HE WAS IN THE PASSAGE, BUT WHAT MIGHT THERE BE AT FIRST?



ROGER'S COME BACK FROM THE DEAD? NO! WHAT SO UPTIGHT WITH HIM!



I WON'T GO IN! PLEASE AUNT MARTHA—LET'S GO DOWN! I CAN'T TALK AND THAT SPOOK!



FOR A MOMENT THEY ENDED ALSO, THEN AUNT MARTHA ACCIDENTALLY TRIPPED...



LOOK OUT AUNT MARTHA, THE RINGER!





NO, MAXWELL! YOU WANT TO SEE YOURSELF DEAD, YOU FEEL GUILTY ABOUT SOMETHING, BUT IT'S NOT YOUR FAULT! YOU'RE ALL HERE! YOUR AUNT AND COUSIN KILLED THEMSELVES OUT OF ENVY—BUT THAT TOO ISN'T YOUR FAULT!

I SEE, THEN I'VE BEEN DREAMING THESE TERRIBLE DREAMS BECAUSE I FELT SORRY FOR THEM, I SENSSED THEIR HATRED AND JEALOUSY...



YOU MUST FORGET EVERYTHING, MAXWELL. TAKE A TONIC, FALL IN LOVE WITH A PRETTY GIRL, YOU MUST KEEP YOURSELF FROM BREAKING DOWN!

THANKS, DOCTOR, I'LL TRY!

THREE MONTHS PASSED AND MAXWELL FELL IN LOVE. LINDSEY LOVED HIM IN RETURN, AND ONE EVENING SHE DROVE HIM OUT INTO THE COUNTRY TO MEET HER PARENTS.



WHAT'S THE MATTER, DARLING? YOU LOOK AS IF YOU'VE SEEN A GHOST!

THAT STONE MANSION, THE ELECTRIC STORM! IT'S JUST THE WAY I SAW THEM IN MY DREAM!



BUT MAXWELL COULDN'T BACK DOWN NOW. HE HAD TO GO THROUGH WITH IT. A COUPLE OF DAYS WERE IN PREPARATION, JUST AS IN THE DREAM, BUT AUNT MATHIE AND AUNT MARTHA WEREN'T THERE!

MOTHER, I WANT YOU TO MEET MY FUTURE—MAXWELL, BEING!



BUT AS THE MOMENT TURNED...

GOOD EVENING, MAXWELL! ROGER WILL SHOW YOU TO YOUR ROOM. I HAVE GIVEN YOU THE ROOM IN THE WEST WING!

AUNT MARTHA! DOES ANYONE SAY I'M SAYING THE SAME? THINK SHE SAID IN MY DREAM!



YOU'RE NOT WELL, MAXWELL! MOTHER'S RIGHT—I MUST SHOW YOU TO YOUR ROOM!



THE ELECTRIC STORM HAS PUT OUR LIGHTS OUT, TOO. YOU'LL HAVE TO USE A CANDLE!

THANK YOU, JUDSON. LET'S GO, MAXWELL!

THE CANDLE? THE HOUSE! THE SCULPTURE! EVERYTHING IS THE SAME! BUT THANK HEAVENS, LEAD ME, AUNT ROGER!

TRUE TALES of the SUPERNATURAL

ONE EVENING IN 1938, JOHN PLATT WAS INVOLVED THROUGH THE WOODS NEAR BIRMINGHAM, AL. AS HE WALKED UNDER AN OLD HOUSE, DISTRESSED FOR MANY YEARS, IT BEGAN TO RAIN. HEAVILY PLATT ENTERED THE OLD HOUSE FOR SHELTER, UNTIL THE STORM SHOULD PASS HE SAT ON A STOOL NEAR THE COLD FIREPLACE AND DROPPED OFF...

PLATT WAS AWAKENED SUDDENLY BY THE ENTRANCE OF FOUR GHOSTLY FIGURES...

AM, THERE YOU ARE, LANDLORD! WE COMMAND YOU TO SERVE US THE POISONED WINE, JUST AS YOU DID WHEN WE FIRST BOUGHT SHELTER FROM A STORM IN YOUR HOUSE SO MANY YEARS AGO!



WHY MUST I REPEAT MY EVIL DEED ON EVERY STORMY NIGHT?



HOW LONG AM I TO BE CURSED, BECAUSE I POISONED YOU SO MANY YEARS AGO TO STEAL YOUR GOLD? NOW LONG?



WILL YOU PLEASE NEVER LEAVE ME IN PEACE? I'LL DESTROY THIS CURSED WINE!

THROGGLED AT THE SCENE HE HAD WITNESSED, JOHN PLATT BACKED FROM THE HOOKS OF HAUNTED TERRORS, DROPPED OUT INTO THE RAGING STORM.



LATER, AT HOME, A SOMEWHAT CALMED PLATT TRIED TO FIND AN EXPLANATION FOR THE TERRIBLE SCENE WHICH HAD OCCURRED BEFORE HIS EYES...

I MUST HAVE DREAMED IT, WHEN I DROPPED OFF IN THE OLD HOUSE! SUCH THINGS JUST DON'T HAPPEN! AND YET, THERE ARE NINE SPOTS ON MY JACKET WHEN THAT GHOST SHATTERED THE DECANTER ON THE WALL BEHIND ME. IT SPLATTERED OVER ME! WHAT IS THE ANSWER?



LEAD JOHN PLATT DROPPED OFF AND DREAMED THAT TERRIFYING INCIDENT? OR WAS HE AN ACTUAL WITNESS TO THE GHOSTLY ANTIKER SCENE? IF YOU WOULD YOU EXPLAIN IT, READERS!

The Keeper of the Flames

THIS IS THE STORY OF ONE MAN, JOHN ARMO, WHO MADE A FANTASTIC PACT WITH DEATH IN RETURN FOR HAPPINESS IN LIFE. BUT HAPPINESS MEANT POWER TO HIM. THE SELFISH, GRABBING POWER OF THE RUTHLESS BUSINESS MAGNATE! AN OCTOPUS OF POWER SO STRONG, SO UNFEELING, SO COMPLETELY IN CONTROL OF OTHER LIVES, THAT ONLY DEATH COULD CRUSH ITS TENTACLES IN THE END!

AT A LOCAL BAR IN A SMALL MID-WESTERN CITY, SAT A YOUNG MAN. TEARS COURSED DOWN HIS FACE...

POOR ALICE! SHE LOOKED SO BEAUTIFUL ON OUR WEDDING DAY! AND NOW SHE JUST LIES THERE IN THE HOSPITAL, DRAIN, PALE... THE DOCTORS SAY ITS ONLY A MATTER OF DAYS!



WHILE HE MURMURED THIS, HE DID NOT SEE A STRANGELY OLD MAN WATCHING HIM...

MY BUSINESS RUINED. MY WIFE DYING OF AN INCURABLE DISEASE! IF I COULD ONLY HAVE HER BACK WITH ME AGAIN, I'D DO ANYTHING... ANYTHING!



HEH, HEH! DID YOU SAY ANYTHING? YOU MUST BARDON MY CURIOUSITY, JOHN ARNO. BUT I COULDN'T HELP OVERHEARING YOU! IF YOU REALLY WANT YOUR WIFE BACK, I MAY BE OF SOME SERVICE!

WHA! I WHO ARE YOU? HOW DO YOU KNOW MY NAME?

HEH, HEH! I HAVE KNOWN THE BEST IN UNIMPORTANT! COME! IT WON'T TAKE MORE THAN A MOMENT FOR YOU TO READ MY PROPOSITION! MY HUMBLE SHOP IS AROUND THE CORNER!

WHAT CAN I LOSE? I'VE TRIED EVERYTHING! MAYBE HE CAN HELP ME!

A FEW MOMENTS LATER, THEY STOPPED IN FRONT OF A BALCONY-LESS SHOP LOCATED AT THE END OF A SHABBY STREET.

THEY LOOK LIKE A WILD-GOOSE CHASE!

IS THIS YOUR---WH---SHOP? ARE YOU SURE YOU CAN DO SOMETHING?

YOU'LL SEE!

THE DOOR OPENED, AND

WHY--IT'S MAGNIFICENT! ALL THESE CANDLES! BUT WHY ARE THEY LIT LIFE

EACH CANDLE REPRESENTS THE LIFE-FLAME OF A HUMAN BEING WHO DIES WHEN IT IS EXTINGUISHED! OF COURSE, THAT DEPENDS UPON MY WHIM, BECAUSE I AM THE KEEPER OF THE FLAMES!

HEH, HEH! I'M ALSO KNOWN AS--- DEATH!

I THOUGHT SO. THE OLD COOF IS CRAZY! TO BETTER HUMOR ME!

YOU MEANT TO SAY THAT THE LENGTH OF EACH CANDLE CORRESPONDS TO THE NUMBER OF YEARS A PERSON CAN LIVE!

YES! TAKE THESE TWO CANDLES FOR EXAMPLE. THE SHORT STUMPY ONE ABOUT TO BE EXTINGUISHED IS YOUR WIFE'S! THE OTHER'S YOURS!

THAT DOES IT! I'VE NEVER HEARD SUCH A FANTASTIC THING IN MY LIFE! I WAS A FOOL TO THINK YOU COULD HELP ME!

TURN AROUND AND LOOK AT ME, JOHN ARNO!



A COMPELLING FORCE WHIRLED JOHN AROUND, AND...

HAH!
HAH!
HAH!



IT'S TRUE THEN! YOU ARE DEAD! I WAS WRONG! I DIDN'T BELIEVE YOU! PLEASE! YOU MUST LET MY WIFE LIVE! I'LL DO ANYTHING! OH! HELP ME!



OF COURSE, I WILL, AHO! BUT IN RETURN FOR THIS CANDL... YOU'LL BE MY-AH- JERSE- BERRYBERRY FOR A PERIOD OF TIME EQUAL TO THE LENGTH I'VE TAKEN FROM YOUR CANDLE!

YES, YES! ANYTHING!



GOOD! I'VE EXTENDED YOUR WIFE'S LIFE SPAN! YOU'LL HAVE POWER, AHO! THAT'S WHAT YOU WANT MOST, DON'T YOU? THINK OF IT—PEOPLE WILL BE YOUR SLAVES! THEY'LL FIGHT FOR YOU! YES, THEY'LL EVEN DIE FOR YOU, BECAUSE I'LL BE AT YOUR ELBOW, ALWAYS! HA, HA, HA!

FEEL SO FUNNY...



A FEW MOMENTS LATER, JOHN AWOKE FINDING HIMSELF WHIMPERING UNCONSCIOUSLY ON THE STREET:

WH-WHAT AM I DOING HERE? OH, NO HEAD! IT MUST HAVE BEEN THOSE DRINKS! I DREAMT I WAS WITH AN OLD MAN WHO—GOOD HEAVENS! I'VE FORGOTTEN ABOUT ALICE... MUST GET TO THE HOSPITAL!



TWENTY MINUTES LATER—

I HOPE I'M IN TIME!
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! SHE'S GOING TO LIVE! IT'S POSITIVELY AMAZING!



ALICE, DEAREST! YOU'VE BEEN SITTING UP! YOU'RE WELL?

JOHN... OH, JOHN!



A FEW MINUTES AGO, THE RAIN WAS UNBEARABLE! NOW IT'S GONE, DARLING! IT'S A MIRACLE!

NO DEAR—IT'S SOMETHING MORE THAN THAT!

SO I WASN'T DREAMING AFTER ALL?

JOHN ARNO WAS BUILT FOR THIS! HERE NO DREAM! THE NEXT FIVE YEARS SAW HIS STAR FLY HIGH AND BRISTLE ON THE FINANCIAL HORIZON, AND DEATH WAS ALWAYS AT HIS ELBOW.

MR. ARNO, I'M OFFERING YOU \$100,000 AND A CONTROLLING INTEREST IN THE BUSINESS!

YOU GAINED 800,000 SHARES OF CAPITAL ON THE STOCK MARKET, GAB!

HERE'S A SIGNED AGREEMENT FOR THE BUILDING CONTRACT, JOHN.



PEOPLE EVERYWHERE WERE CAPTURED BY HIS ENTERTAINING GENIUS! THEY FLOCKED TO HIM BY THE THOUSANDS, BEGGING, WANTING TO WORK FOR HIM! AND, IN THIS WAY, ARNO ALSO DIED FOR HIM...

GOOD HEAVENS, MR. ARNO! THAT PLATFORM YOU DESIGNED IS DIVING WAY!



THESE WERE THOSE WHO BREWED HIM ONLY TO FIND THAT THEY, TOO, HAD TO DIE FOR HIM.

MONEY GONE... NOTHING TO LIVE FOR...

MY BUSINESS IS RUINED! ARNO HAS TAKEN...

I CAN'T FACE IT ANY LONGER! I'VE GOT TO...



FINALLY THE DAY CAME WHEN ARNO BECAME SUPREME! HE HAD REACHED THE TOP, REACHED IT OVER THE BONES OF THE LIVING AND THE DEAD!

WELL, JOHN ARNO... FAME, WEALTH, POWER! YOU HAVE YOUR HAPPINESS AT LAST! AND I HAVE MY DEAD! HA, HA! WE'LL STAY TOGETHER FOR A LONG TIME NOW! ME, MY FRIEND!



TEN YEARS PASSED, AND ARNO BECAME A LEGENDARY FIGURE! NO MORE IN NEED OF ANYTHING, HE RETIRED FROM PUBLIC LIFE AT 45, AROGANT WITH WEALTH AND INFLUENCE! BUT ONE NIGHT, AS HE SAT ALONE IN THE LIBRARY OF HIS MANSION...

GOOD EVENING, ARNO! WHA! / OH, YOU STARTLED ME! I-- I DON'T ARE YOU? WHAT DO YOU WANT?



I'VE COME TO TELL YOU THAT YOUR CANDLE BURNS LOW! I SHALL CALL FOR YOU AT THE STROKE OF MIDNIGHT, NEW YEARS EVE!



WHAT ARE YOU SAYING? YOU CAN'T MEAN PLEASE! IF YOU LET ME LIVE I'LL PLAN NEW SCHEMES FOR YOU!

I'LL MAKE ANOTHER BAGGAIN WITH YOU! PLEASE!

YOU'VE ENJOYED YOUR LIFE TO THE HRT. YOU'VE ENJOYED YOUR LIFE TO THE HRT. YOU'VE ENJOYED YOUR LIFE TO THE HRT. NOW YOUR PERIOD OF SERVICE IS UP! YOUR BAGGAIN IS FULFILLED, AND YOUR USEFULNESS IS OVER! TILL MIDNIGHT OF NEW YEAR'S EVE, ARMO!



ONLY THREE MONTHS LEFT TO LIVE! THERE MUST BE SOME WAY OUT OF THIS! I'LL CALL EVERYONE TOGETHER IN THE MORNING... YES, THAT'S IT! I'VE GOT TO TELL THEM!



NEXT MORNING

BUT, DEAR! DO YOU EXPECT US TO BELIEVE THIS FANTASTIC TALE OF YOURS ABOUT CANDLES, AND DEATH, AND

IT'S TRUE, I TELL YOU! MEN, THAT CANDLE SHOP MUST BE AROUND HERE! COMEPLACE FIND IT!



BUT THE MEN DIDN'T FIND THE SHOP! THEY ALSO DIDN'T SERIOUSLY BELIEVE ARMO. THEREFORE, THERE WAS ONLY ONE POSSIBLE REPORT!



THEY CAN'T FIND THE SHOP! IT'S NO USE, ALICE! I'M GOING TO DIE!

MUSH, DEAR! YOU'RE TALKING NONSENSE! YOU'RE TIRED, YOU NEED SOME REST! YOU HAVEN'T BEEN LOOKING TOO WELL LATELY!



PLEASE, ALICE, LISTEN TO ME! THAT DAY WHEN YOU WERE IN THE HOSPITAL

WHAT'S THE USE? SHE WON'T BELIEVE ME!

I'VE HEARD THIS A HUNDRED TIMES, DEAR! DON'T YOU SEE, THAT SUCH THINGS CAN'T POSSIBLY OCCUR?



BUT JOHN ARMO COULD NOT SLEEP THAT NIGHT. NOR DID HE SLEEP NEXT MORN. TWO SUCCESSFUL NIGHTS, JOHN FLED BARRON THEN CAME THE FINAL DAY...

GOOD MORNING, DEAR! ISN'T IT A BEAUTIFUL DAY? THERE'S SO MUCH TO DO! THE SERVANTS HAVE TO FIX THE HOUSE UP FOR THE COSTUME BALL WE'RE GIVING TONIGHT. IT'S NEW YEAR'S EVE, YOU KNOW!







THE END

BREW OF DEATH

"Fool!" scratched the Thing. "Do you think to save one who must die? Back, so that you may have a better look at her writhings and listen the better to her cries when she dies."

As yet, the girl had not started to consciousness, and of this I was tremendously thankful. Best that she was not aware of the death so near for her—slow and agonizing dissolution under the creeping mist of that devil's brew—a brew I recognized as sulphuric acid.

It had pooled there in a depression in the stone, an oily, sinister blotch of it shining under the flame. And alongside it, rilling along the sand to disappear whence the rocky floor of the place gave way to earth, was that stream of water, collected from the rain pounding overhead. I stared, and wild hope grew within me. Not an instant did I hesitate. I gripped my mouth, for what I meant to do was agony, yet so agree such as that is store for my beloved.

"You lend," I gripped at the Thing, "I'll be a match for you yet."

I rolled over, and deliberately placed my bound wrists in the pool of sulphuric acid. Pain he through me, into my brain until my senses reeled. But coolly I kept to the course I was determined to follow. For a full half minute I held my wrists there. Then I jerked them away, to dig them into the stream of running water. I took care that the thing which bound them did not get wet. The water lived away most of the acid from my flesh, but the tongs-here clung there, on the heap of the things, burning away slowly.

The Thing returned with another bottle of the brew. But before those dead eyes set in flaming sockets stared at me, I dipped my wrists once more into the acid and washed my flesh, as far as I was able, with water.

"Do you not afraid to see her die?" the Thing jeered. "But die she will, for I must rid the world of the Corrigan."

I gripped no answer. Behind my back, where the awful eyes of the Thing could not probe, I unfastened my wrists apart, hoping, praying that the acid would so weaken the cords that I could wrench my hands free.

"This time I shall take care of the mate of Edward Corrigan," gibbered the Thing as he tilted the opened jug above the white, stiff body. "This time she shall die. And then, Edward Corrigan, you die the same death. Then, the world will have been purged of the black blood of the Corrigan, and I shall return whence I came."

And then Alice stirred. I could see the gleam of the flame on her black eyes as she opened them and consciousness came into her. I could see the comprehension in them, followed by the terror that started through me and forced my wrists apart harder and harder until sweat ran from my face and it seemed that the fibres of the hemp must surely burst.

My beloved's white body tensed like a spring, tore against the straps about wrists and ankles, lifted a little way from that peach-hood plate and held there momentarily, and then clamped back again. The Thing's wild gibberish gurgled out.

"You shall not escape. You shall die, dissolved into nothingness—as Edward Corrigan shall die, leaving no trace behind."

The mouth of the jug was dipping closer and closer to the top of the rocker. And now a thin, oily trickle dripped forth, upon the top of the peach-hood plate, to roll with slow speed down the metal, expiring toward Alice.

The Thing, laughing wildly from the mouth that was not a mouth. He touched the curved pieces of wood on which the rocker stood, and thus imparted to the whole machine a slow, back-and-forth motion that washed the acid from side to side but at the same time speeded up its course toward the girl.

A thin, hellish mist, so choking that it made my senses reel, lifted from the acid. There was a thun hum of sound. And when the liquid had passed, on the metal behind, there was no longer a peach-hut that glittered to terrible beauty in the flame of the furnace. There was only a brazen expanse of copper sheet, burned clean of life and beauty. It was a change from life to death—such a change as that is store for Alice.

"She will die!" the Thing gloated, as if reading my thoughts. "She will die. She will dissolve into nothing. But slowly, slowly, so that your case may be filled with her cries, and you may feel a little of what it is mean for you, yourself. She will die. Slowly, slowly—first her hair curls away, then the flesh of her face, then her shoulders—those soft, white shoulders..."

His gap of a mouth gurgling to eerie mirth. He tilted the jug and sent a fresh flood of acid down the metal sheet, while his foot on the rocker kept the whole infernal contrivance in a slow, sideways motion that swept the acid forward in any wave. Another instant now...

The ropes around my wrist parted. I rolled over again, as if in great excitement, and then concealed myself partially below the lowered end of the cradle,

My fingers plucked frenziedly at the cords about my ankle, twisted and torn until blood spouted from my finger tips. Within the space of a few seconds I had torn the hemp apart. First, and with fury throbbing like a wave through me, I jerked to my feet.

"She shall die," the Thing was moaning, when I came upright.

I seized the lowered end of the cradle, and with a terrific heave, lifted it higher than the other end. I kicked a rock under it, to block it permanently. The flood of acid halted only a fraction of an inch away from Alice's head, rolled back towards the Thing in an eddy flood, and spilled over the edge with a hiss like the sound of flames in the nether regions.

"She shall die, and I who am come from purgatory—" the Thing had been chanting.

"You're a man, just as I am," I grinned out. "And I can tear you to pieces, just as I'd tear any man to pieces!"

I stopped to lift a rock, and went at the Thing. The jug of acid, which it lifted to swing at me, dropped away when my hurled bit of granite smashed through the glass.

"If you're from Hell, try to stop me now!" I snarled.

The Thing turned to run. fled out through a door in the foundation, and into a room dimly lighted by a candle thrust high in the wall. An internal roar set up as I stumbled after him. From the corner of my eye, I glimpsed the bounds of purgatory leashed there against the wall. But their sinister aspect was gone. No longer was there anything in them to cause terror, just as now I no longer feared their master—the being who ran from me, headed for a dim stairway.

I cut across in front of him. When he turned, cowering, I glimpsed the glint of candle light on steel. He had drawn a long knife from somewhere in those dark clothes of his. I hesitated no longer, but lifted a long bullet of wood lying on the floor and charged him. He thrust at me, and steel ran along my chest, pricked through the skin.

The next instant I had beaten him to death, and the knife dropped away from those gleaming hands of his.

It was only the work of a moment to free Alice, lift her off that rocker. We passed out through the room in which lay the Thing and in which were leashed the dogs of purgatory. Alice's slim shoulder, hard against mine, quivered.

"What was—that?" she shuddered.

I leaned down, jerked away a phosphorescent mark, grotesquely carved, and from beneath it there stared up at us the face of the keeper of the castle in the shadows. Locke?

"He discovered gold, or thought he had discovered gold," I said. Alice later, as we sat before a roaring

fire in one of the upper rooms of the castle. "The gold would have belonged to Jonathan Corrigan, of course, since it was on Corrigan property. So Locke had to get rid of him. He knew the legend of how the Indian medicine-men had cursed the Corrigan and this castle in the shadows. So he made up his story of the bounds of purgatory. The bounds were simply several dogs which he had poisoned with phosphorus."

Rain still pounded far above us, and lightning still shook the castle. But now it was a comforting storm, one that seemed to bring Alice very close to me.

I inspected this castle, of course, but I hadn't had time to get down there in the foundation. And it was there that Locke thought he had discovered his gold. He'd built an *apertre*—rocker affair covered with a copper plate used to collect flower gold. He knew very little about the metal, apparently, for he was experimenting. He had several different kinds of acids down there, and a lot of mercury which he used with the rockers, or cradles as it is also called. Evidently he was sure he had found gold, but did not know just how to get it.

"And when you were ready to inspect the basement of the castle—"

"He'd built up the story of the bounds, and had even turned them loose to try. But tonight he determined on his master stroke. He determined to deck himself out as the Master of the Bounds, in his mask and gloves, and confront us. He thought it would scare us away for good. When I attacked him, he knocked me out. And then—Well, his mind was a little distorted. He saw he couldn't scare us away, so he had to get rid of us, somehow. And he was taking the way that would leave no evidence."

Alice shuddered, and I tightened my arm around her. In silence, we stared into the comforting fire for a long time. At last Alice spoke softly in the way that made my pulse pound and lifted me to the heights of ecstasy.

"The black blood of the Corrigan. But it's run out. Edward is washed with the Corrigan who began it. To me—it's not black blood. It never will be. I love you, Edward—and I want to stay here with you. Here in this castle of the shadows, as we planned."

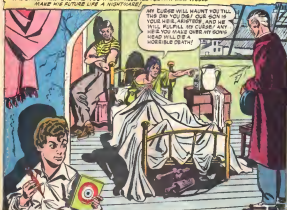
"And with you loving me enough to do that, there will never be another ghost to stir in this land," I said.

And suddenly the castle of shadows did not seem so dark, so gloomy, for I knew that so long as I had Alice, terror would never again walk through the hallways.

THE END

LEGEND OF THE LONG 3RD FINGER

A FORTUNE CHASEE MADE HIS GREATEST MISTAKE WHEN HE MARRIED HER. A YOUNG, BEAUTIFUL AND BRAVE AND SUCCESSFUL WOMAN, BUT WHEN HE DIVORCED HER, HIS FORTUNE NOT ONLY CHANGED; HE BECAME WEALTHY BEYOND ALL IMAGINATION! AFTER DIVORCED, LIVING IN A COUNTRY, AND OTHER CHILDREN, AND FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS LIFE—AROUND YOUR HAPPINESS. SUDDENLY, THE GORGEOUS SINGER OF TENDRY BECAME FROM OUT OF THE PAST. HIS FIRST WORD WAS "DIE"—AND SHE HAD A DEATHED MESSAGE FOR HIM THAT WOULD MAKE HIS FUTURE LIFE A NIGHTMARE!





IT IS A SUPERSTITION THAT THOSE WHO ARE BORN WITH THE THIRD FINGER LONGER THAN THE SECOND FINGER, BECOME HITCHHIKERS!

LOOK OUT! THE DIST!



DEAR! YOU YOUNG DEVIL! YOU COULD HAVE TAKEN OUT HIS EYE!

I WISH I HAD A LONG KNIFE OR AXT I'D CUT HIM TO PIECES! I HATE HIM!



YOU SEE? THE BOY IS HOPELESSLY SAD!

NEVERTHELESS, HE IS AN FLESH AND BLOOD AND HE SHALL LAUGH FOR MORROW. YOU WILL BE HIS GRANDFATHER, I JEAN. I WILL SEND YOU MONEY FOR HIS UPBRINGING AND EDUCATION!



TEARS FALLEN, CHARLOTTE GRIEVED FOR RICHIE. HIS NEW WIFE BECAME ALMSGART AND HAD - HIS SON, JULES, BORN TO. ONLY CHARLOTTE DAUGHTER, DENISE, POSSESSED SOMETHING OF HER MOTHER'S GRACEFUL...

THERE! IT'S FINISHED! AND IT'S YOURS, BATHER! YOURS ALONE!

MY DEAR, YOUR NOCTURNE WAS BEAUTIFUL, AS IS YOUR SENTIMENT, DEDICATING THE PIECE TO MY BIRTHDAY. YOU ALONE REMEMBERED!



YOUR BROTHER JULES IS IN PARIS, CAROUSING WITH NIGHTCLUB DANCERS AND YOUR MOTHER...

MOTHER LOVES YOU, SHE JUST HATES GROWING OLD!



BUT ONE MUST FACE THE INEVITABLE. DENISE, ONE DOES GROW OLD!

I'LL HAVE TO TALK TO JULES AND MOTHER. THEY MUST SEE THE LIGHT!



MEANWHILE, THE SNEEP FOLD HAD A PARTER...

DEAR!

THE NEXT MORNING...

THERE! JUST LIKE THE GOATS LAST WEEK! SEE HOW THESE THROATS ARE TORN OUT?

BUT HOW DID THE BEAST GET INTO THE DOOR WAS BOLTED?



FOUR FATHER! NOBODY KNOWS WHERE THE BEAST COMES FROM. THESE WEEKS AGO IT WAS CHICKENS, THEN PIGS, THEN GOATS... NOW SHEEP!

DON'T WORRY, DENISE. I'M SURE YOUR FATHER WILL GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THE MYSTERY SOON ENOUGH!



THIS BEAST TEARS OUT ONLY THE THROAT! AND LOOK - THERE YOU SEE A MAMM'S FOOTPRINTS!

CAN SOME HADMAN HAVE SLAIN THE SHEEP?



YOU MUST EXCUSE ME, MONSIEUR VALIN. A TERRIBLE THING HAS HAPPENED! SOME WILD BEAST INVADED THE SHEEPFOLD LAST NIGHT. DENISE, MAKE YOUR GUEST COMFORTABLE UNTIL I RETURN.



PERHAPS, IN ANY CASE, MONSIEUR, WE MUST DECIDIT A HUNTING PARTY FROM THE VILLAGE AND BE ON GUARD EVERY NIGHT!

YOU ARE RIGHT, THIS WADMAN MAY EVEN STALK HADMAN VICTIMS!



THAT NIGHT...

WAKE I NOT BEEN YOU SOMETHING BEFORE?

PERHAPS IN THE MAGAZINES, MONSIEUR. I HAVE GIVEN MANY CHILD CONCERTS AND MY PICTURES HAVE APPEARED IN MANY PLACES.

EDOUARD IS A GREAT MUSICIAN, FATHER. I'M LUCKY TO ENGAGE HIM AS MY TEACHER!



IN FACT, EDOUARD HAS CONSENTED TO LIVE HERE WITH MY FATHER, SO I NEEDN'T GO INTO PARIS FOR MY LESSONS.

YOU LOOK UPSET, MONSIEUR. YOU DO NOT WISH ME TO STAY?

NO, NO. NOT THAT, VALIN. IT'S MERELY THAT DENISE HAD NOT REPEARED ME!



AN HOUR LATER...

FATHER! MOTHER! ON THE WIE. SHE'S AT THE STATION IN OLEBARR. SHE'S ON HER WAY HOME. SHE FINISHED HER SHOPPING TRIP!

I'LL SEE HER IN THE MORNING HE HAVE THINGS TO DO TONIGHT. COMING, VAUNT!

MAH OUI! I WOULD NOT MISS KILLING THIS MONSTER FOR ANYTHING!

WE'LL SPLIT UP IF ANYONE SEES THE BEAST. LET HIM FLEE A SHOT!



LATER THAT NIGHT...

THESE THINGS ARE BEAUTIFUL, MOTHER. BUT I'VE VERY TIRED NOW. GOOD NIGHT.

POOR CHILD ALL YOUR FATHER'S WEALTH IS LOST ON YOU. ALL YOU CARE FOR IS MUSIC.



GOOD EVENING, MADAME CHAVET.

OH! YOU STARTLED ME, HONORABLE! YOU MUST BE DEBESS'S NEW MUSIC TEACHER. WHY DO YOU COME THROUGH THE BALCONY?



I AM THE BEAST YOUR HUSBAND AND THE OTHERSMENT! I AM THE HUNTER! -- HERE TO FULFILL A DYING WOMAN'S CURSE!



YOU ARE CHAVET'S WIFE! UPON HIS DEATH, HIS MONEY WOULD GO RIGHT TO YOU! IF YOU LIKE THAT HE! BUT YOU WON'T, MADAME CHAVET! YOUR VAIN, SILLY LIFE HAS COME TO ITS END!

NO! HELP! M-HELP!



ISN'T IT IRONIC, MADAME? YOUR CRIES ARE SMOTHERED IN THESE GARMENTS YOU ADMIRER SO MUCH! GROWNNNN!

YEEEE!



LATER IN THE MORN'G...

HERE COMES MY DAUGHTER'S MUSIC TEACHER, VALERI! DID YOU SEE ANY SIGN OF THE BEAST?

NO, MONSIEUR. I HAD NO LUCK AT ALL!

A WASTED NIGHT!



THANK YOU, MRS. VAL. ARE YOU SURE VALERIE HADN'T MET BEFORE? I CAN SWEAR I'VE SEEN YOU EVERYWHERE!

MADAME HAS BE-TIED, NO.

PERHAPS AS I SAID IN PHOTOGRAPH I WILL GIVE YOU ONE OF MY SNAPSHOTS IT MAY JOLLY YOUR MEMORY!



THERE IT IS, MONSIEUR! KEEP LOOKING AT IT, YOU KNOW! PERHAPS SOME RECOLLECTION WILL STRIKE YOU!

WELL... THE EYES, THE SUPERIOR... I'VE SEEN THEM, BUT WHERE?



TEN MINUTES LATER, AN CHAUVET ENTERED HIS WIFE'S ROOM...

WHAT IS IT, FATHER? WHY ARE YOU CALLING? WHY... (GASP)... MOTHER?

SHE'S DEAD, DENISE! HER THROAT'S TORN OUT! THE MADMAN CAME HERE—THROUGH THE BALCONY! NOBODY IS SAFE NOW! NOBODY!



TWO DAYS LATER...

THE IDEA OF A WEREWOLF IS PURE MEDICAL IDIOTCY! I DON'T BELIEVE A MAN CAN TURN INTO A WOLF!

COME, COME, JULES! THERE'S NOT SOMETHING OF THE BEAST IN ALL OF US!



FATHER? DO YOU HEAR, BOUSSARD'S RIDICULOUS THOUGHT HE THINKS A WEREWOLF WOULD MURDER!

ANYTHING IS POSSIBLE, JULES!



A FEW DAYS LATER...

I'M SORRY, BOUSSARD-BUT I CANNOT CONCENTRATE ON COMPOSITION, FATHER—JULES—THREE QUARTS.

I'M FED UP WITH THIS PLACE! I'M GOING TO PARIS TONIGHT!







"There's no such animal," he cried!



M' FRIEND and I were picking the ponies one day when I started telling him about a sure thing I heard about.

"You say it pays four bucks for every three?" he asked.

"Yep," I replied.

"And can't lose? It automatically wins? Must be illegal!"

"Not a bit," I replied. "In fact, the government very much approves..."

"Our government approves of a horse who can't lose..."

"Who said anything about a horse?" I asked.

"So what else could it be but a horse...?"

"It not only could be—but is—U. S. Savings Bonds," was my prompt reply. "The surest thing running on any track today.

"For every three dollars you invest in U. S. Savings Bonds you get four dollars back after only ten years. And if you're a member of the Payroll Savings Plan—which means you buy bonds automatically from your paycheck—that can amount to an awful lot of money when you're not looking. Hey, what are you doing?"

"Tearing up my racing form! The horse I'm betting on from now on is U. S. Savings Bonds."

Automatic saving is sure saving—U. S. Savings Bonds



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